



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

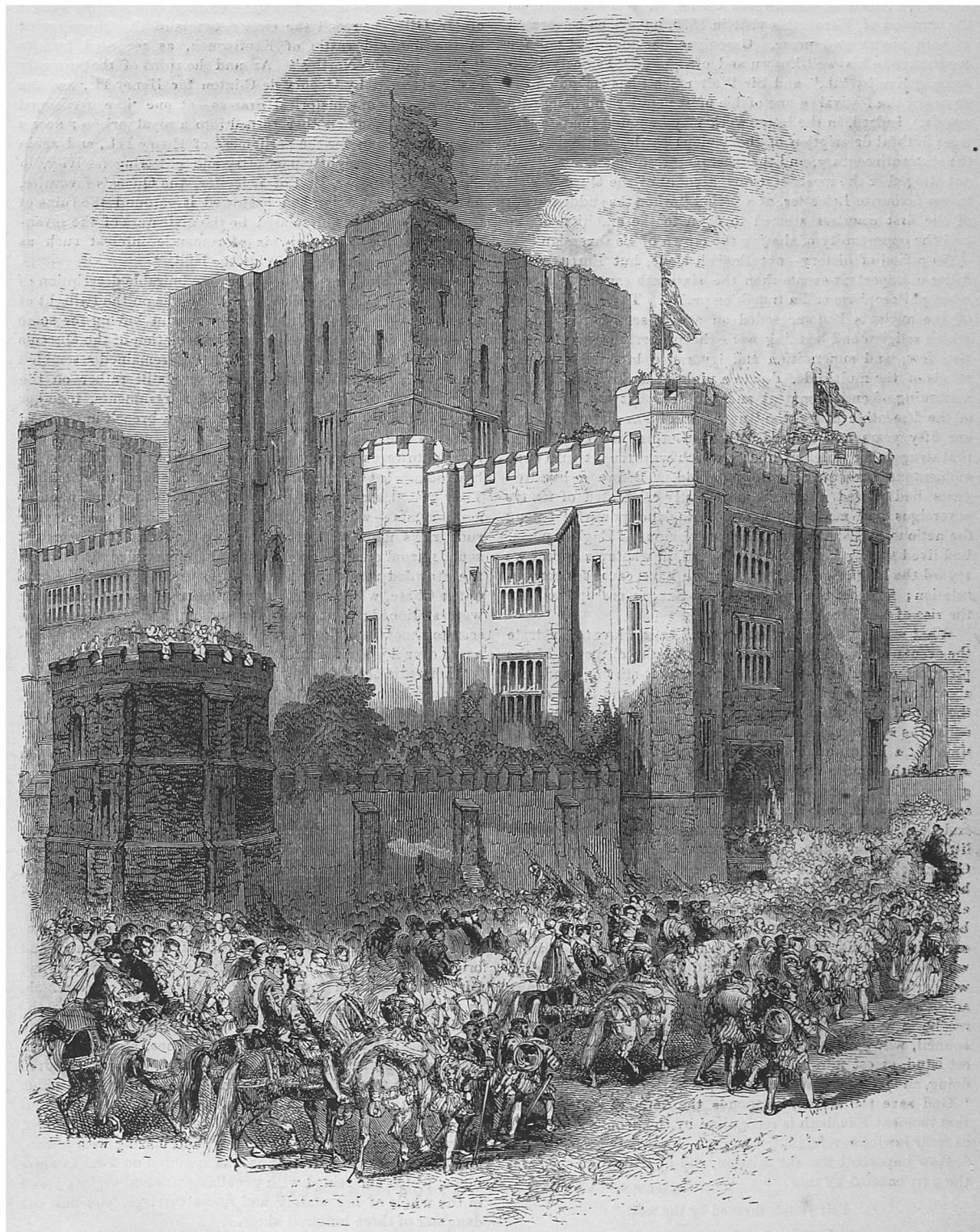
Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.



QUEEN ELIZABETH KNIGHTING DRAKE.

THE ENTRANCE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH INTO KENILWORTH CASTLE.



THE ENTRANCE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH, ATTENDED BY A CAVALCADE OF KNIGHTS AND SOLDIERY, INTO KENILWORTH CASTLE, ON THE 9TH OF JULY, 1575. DESIGNED AND DRAWN BY JOHN GILBERT.

READING now-a-days of any one of Elizabeth's courtly progresses seems like turning back to a page of old romance. The story appears to belong to fiction rather than to fact, and history figures in masquerade. Pageantry and splendour,

VOL. II.—No. VIII.

music and knightly prowess, royal whim and noisy popularity, wasteful prodigality and glittering show, banquets rich without comfort, revelry devoid of real mirth, and courtly phraseology deficient of sincerity, seem to have surrounded

the virgin queen from her accession to the throne of her father to her final departure on that dread journey, which all, even queens, must take.

The festivities at Kenilworth Castle, in Warwickshire, on the occasion of Elizabeth's visit in 1575, have been celebrated in both poetry and prose. Gascoigne has immortalized the occurrence in his well-known and oft-quoted "Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth," and Sir Walter Scott has embodied the scenes of the festival in one of his most popular and delightful novels. Indeed, in the latter work may be found the best and most faithful description of the famous castle, as it existed in the sixteenth century, and the most picturesque and stirring, if not altogether the most veracious, account of the Queen's visit to her favourite Leicester, at a period "when the sudden death of the first countess seemed to open to the ambition of the earl the opportunity of sharing the crown of his sovereign."

No period of history—not English alone, but European—is fuller of important events than the sixteenth century. It was what philosophers call a transition period. To the civilization of the ancients had succeeded an age of semi-barbarism, in which religion and learning were the property of a comparative few, and superstition and ignorance brooded over the minds of the multitude. But to a night of darkness succeeded a morning of enlightenment and inquiry. At the very close of the fifteenth century, the "new world" was discovered, and ere fifty years had elapsed, Martin Luther had commenced that struggle for religious liberty which was fraught with such momentous consequences to mankind. Before a hundred years had passed away, the most justly celebrated of female sovereigns had made the name of England powerful among the nations, and Shakespeare, the most famous of English poets, had lived to sing her praises. Indeed, in whatever aspect we regard the long reign of Elizabeth, we have cause for congratulation; for from that period Anglo-Saxons are apt to date the rise of real liberty in the world.

What wonder, then, that authors and artists love to illustrate the events of this important time? All the elements of the picturesque and the romantic, the spirit-stirring and the absorbing, are to be found embodied in it; and the pen and the pencil only need to give them form and substance to enlist the sympathies of the world. Draw back the curtain of time but a little way, and what a prospect opens to the view! Around the cradle of the fair young princess Elizabeth are grouped the wit and wisdom of the age,—Bacon, and Sidney, and Shakespeare, and Harrington, and Spencer, and Raleigh, and Cecil, and Leicester,—and we follow with eagerness that little procession through the streets of the quiet village of Greenwich, as it wends forward from the palace to the neighbouring church of Grey Friars, where the young child is christened. We recall the romantic circumstances of her birth and the vicissitudes of her childhood—her mother's execution, and her own strange association with the persons whom she had most cause to fear and dislike; her scholarship, wonderful indeed for court ladies at that time; her sorrows and imprisonments and varied fortunes, till we find her at last receiving a deputation at Hatfield from her sister Mary's council, who come to offer her the crown. "Domino factum est istud, et est mirabile in oculis nostris!" (It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes!) exclaims the princess; "God save the Queen," responds the deputation, and from that moment Elizabeth is recognised by the people of England as their lawful sovereign.

How important was the mission, and how distinguished was the part enacted by this

"Fair vestal, throned by the west,"

we all know. History and song alike record the triumphs of her long and peaceful reign. Never before had so entirely popular and beloved a monarch sat upon the English throne. Everywhere she went—through the narrow streets of old London's city, or in those right royal progresses to different parts of her kingdom—she was attended by troops of loving people. Lords, knights, and ladies, city magnificence and courtly pageantry, waited on her footsteps; and in almost

numberless records we are told of the prowess of her court, and the splendour of the processions prepared to do her honour.

Who does not—looking at the admirable and spirited sketch of Mr. Gilbert—recall the circumstances of the Queen's visit to the fine old castle of Kenilworth, as recorded by the "Wizard of the North?" Around the ruins of that princely castle—erected by Geoffrey de Clinton for Henry II., and the scene of so many historical dramas—at one time garrisoned against rebels, at another turned into a royal prison; now a place of meeting for the parliament of Henry III., and again the theatre of knightly pageantry and glittering festivity, in the days of Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the Queen's favourite, on whom his sovereign had bestowed it—around the ruins of those massive walls, desolated in the civil wars of the seventeenth century, floats an air of romantic interest such as belongs to no other edifice in all the land.

We take Sir Walter Scott's most admirable description of the royal entry into Kenilworth: "It was on the twilight of a summer night (9th of July, 1575), the sun having for some time set, and all were in anxious expectation of the Queen's immediate approach. The multitude had remained assembled for many hours, and their numbers were still rather on the increase. A profuse distribution of refreshments, together with roasted oxen, and barrels of ale set a-broach in different places of the road, had kept the populace in perfect love and loyalty towards the Queen and her favourite, which might have somewhat abated had fasting been added to watching. They passed away the time, therefore, with the usual popular amusements—whooping, hallooing, shrieking, and playing rude tricks upon each other, forming the chorus of discordant sounds usual on such occasions. These prevailed all through the crowded roads and fields, and especially beyond the gate of the Chase, where the greater number of the common sort were stationed; when, all of a sudden, a single rocket was seen to shoot into the atmosphere, and, at the instant, far-heard over flood and field, the great bell of the Castle tolled.

"Immediately there was a pause of dead silence, succeeded by a deep hum of expectation, the united voices of many thousands, none of whom spoke above their breath; or, to use a singular expression, the whisper of an immense multitude.

"The guards, thickly stationed upon the road by which the Queen was to advance, caught up the acclamation, which ran like wildfire to the Castle, and announced to all within, that Queen Elizabeth had entered the Royal Chase of Kenilworth. The whole music of the Castle sounded at once, and a round of artillery, with a salvo of small arms, was discharged from the battlements; but the noise of drums and trumpets, and even of the cannon themselves, was but faintly heard amidst the roaring and reiterated welcomes of the multitude.

"As the noise began to abate, a broad glare of light was seen to appear from the gate of the Park, and, broadening and brightening as it came nearer, advanced along the open and fair avenue that led towards the Gallery-tower; and which, as we have already noticed, was lined on either hand by the retainers of the Earl of Leicester. The word was passed along the line, 'The Queen! The Queen! Silence, and stand fast!' Onward came the cavalcade, illuminated by two hundred thick waxen torches, in the hands of as many horsemen, which cast a light like that of broad day all around the procession, but especially on the principal group, of which the Queen herself, arrayed in the most splendid manner, and blazing with jewels, formed the central figure. She was mounted on a milk-white horse, which she reined with peculiar grace and dignity; and in the whole of her stately and noble carriage, you saw the daughter of three hundred kings.

"The ladies of the court, who rode beside her Majesty, had taken especial care that their own external appearance should not be more glorious than their rank and the occasion altogether demanded, so that no inferior luminary might appear to approach the orbit of royalty. But their personal charms, and the magnificence by which, under every prudential restraint, they were necessarily distinguished, exhibited them, as the very flower of a realm so far famed for splendour and

beauty. The magnificence of the courtiers, free from such restraints as prudence imposed on the ladies, was yet more unbounded.

"Leicester, who glittered like a golden image with jewels and cloth of gold, rode on her Majesty's right hand, as well in quality of her host as of her Master of the Horse. The black steed which he mounted had not a single white hair on his body, and was one of the most renowned chargers in Europe, having been purchased by the Earl at large expense for this royal occasion. As the noble animal chafed at the slow pace of the procession, and, arching his stately neck, champed on the silver bits which restrained him, the foam flew from his mouth, and speckled his well-formed limbs as if with spots of snow. The rider well became the high place which he held, and the proud steed which he bestrode; for no man in England, or perhaps in Europe, was more perfect than Dudley in horsemanship, and all other exercises belonging to his quality. He was bareheaded, as were all the courtiers in the train; and the red torchlight shone upon his long curled tresses of dark hair, and on his noble features, to the beauty of which even the severest criticism could only object the lordly fault, as it may be termed, of a forehead somewhat too high. On that proud evening, those features wore all the grateful solicitude of a subject, to show himself sensible of the high honour which the Queen was conferring on him, and all the pride and satisfaction which became so glorious a moment. Yet, though neither eye nor feature betrayed aught but feelings which suited the occasion, some of the Earl's personal attendants remarked that he was unusually pale, and they expressed to each other their fear that he was taking more fatigue than consisted with his health.

"The train, male and female, who attended immediately upon the Queen's person, were of course of the bravest and the fairest,—the highest born nobles and the wisest counsellors of that distinguished reign, to repeat whose names were but to weary the reader. Behind came a long crowd of knights and gentlemen, whose rank and birth, however distinguished, were thrown into shade, as their persons into the rear of a procession, whose front was of such august majesty.

"Amidst bursts of music, which, as if the work of enchantment, seemed now close at hand, now softened by distant space, now wailing so low and sweet as if that distance were gradually prolonged until only the last lingering strains could reach the ear, Queen Elizabeth crossed the Gallery-tower, and came upon the long bridge, which extended from thence to Mortimer's Tower, and which was already as light as day, so many torches had been fastened to the palisades on either side. Most of the nobles here alighted, and sent their horses to the neighbouring village of Kenilworth, following the Queen on foot, as did the gentlemen who had stood in array to receive her at the Gallery-tower."

So passing to the inner court, her majesty, "that never rides but alone, there alighted from her palfrey," and was conveyed up to her chamber. At this instant all the clocks in the castle were stopped; and, by a delicate attention, the hands continued to point at the moment of her arrival, since no one was to take note of time during the royal sojourn at Kenilworth.*

For eighteen days the princely pleasures of Kenilworth were kept up, during which time, we are told by Laneham, "her majesty, with her accustomed charity and mercy, cured nine persons of the painful disease called the 'King's Evil,' which the kings and queens of this realm, without other medicine, but only by touching and prayers, do cure!"

The castle itself, upon the improvement of which the Earl is said to have spent a sum equal to about half a million of our money, is thus described:—

The outer wall of this splendid and gigantic structure enclosed seven acres, a part of which was occupied by extensive stables, and by a pleasure garden, with its trim arbours

and parterres, and the rest formed the large base-court, or outer yard, of the noble castle. The lordly structure itself, which rose near the centre of this spacious enclosure, was composed of a huge pile of magnificent castellated buildings, apparently of different ages, surrounding an inner court, and bearing in the names attached to each portion of the magnificent mass, and in the armorial bearings which were there blazoned, the emblems of mighty chiefs who had long passed away, and whose history, could Ambition have lent ear to it, might have read a lesson to the haughty favourite, who had now acquired and was augmenting the fair domain. A large and massive keep, which formed the citadel of the castle, was of uncertain though great antiquity. It bore the name of Caesar, perhaps from its resemblance to that in the Tower of London so called. Some antiquaries ascribe its foundation to the time of Kenelph, from whom the castle had its name, a Saxon King of Mercia, and others to an early era after the Norman Conquest. On the exterior walls frowned the scutcheon of the Clintons, by whom they were founded in the reign of Henry I., and of the yet more redoubted Simon de Montfort, by whom, during the Barons' wars, Kenilworth was long held out against Henry III. Here Mortimer, Earl of March, famous alike for his rise and his fall, had once gaily revelled in Kenilworth, while his dethroned sovereign, Edward II., languished in its dungeons. Old John of Gaunt, "time-honoured Lancaster," had widely extended the castle, erecting that noble and massive pile which yet bears the name of Lancaster's Buildings; and Leicester himself had outdone the former possessors, princely and powerful as they were, by erecting another immense structure, which now lies crushed under its own ruins, the monument of its owner's ambition. The external wall of this royal castle was, on the south and west sides, adorned and defended by a lake partly artificial, across which Leicester had constructed a stately bridge, that Elizabeth might enter the castle by a path hitherto untrodden, instead of the usual entrance to the northward, over which he had erected a gate-house, or barbican, which still exists, and is equal in extent, and superior in architecture, to the baronial castle of many a northern chief.

Beyond the lake lay an extensive chase, full of red deer, fallow deer, roes, and every species of game, and abounding with lofty trees, from amongst which the extended front and massive towers of the castle were seen to rise in majesty and beauty. We cannot but add, that of this lordly palace, where princes feasted and heroes fought, now in the bloody earnest of storm and siege, and now in the games of chivalry, where beauty dealt the prize which valour won, all is now desolate. The bed of the lake is but a rushy swamp; and the massive ruins of the castle only serve to show what their splendour once was, and to impress on the musing visitor the transitory value of human possessions, and the happiness of those who enjoy a humble lot in virtuous contentment.

Miss Strickland is at some pains to point out the discrepancies between romance and reality, in relation to the position of Leicester at the period of Elizabeth's visit to Kenilworth. Amy Robsart, the fair heroine of Scott, to whom Leicester had been publicly married at the court of Edward VI., had long been in the grave, and the Earl's path to a royal marriage was somewhat clearer than has been indicated by the novelist. "Yet Leicester was encumbered with a secret marriage, somewhat in the manner of the splendid fiction, but with a high-born lady of the court—Lady Douglas Howard, the daughter of William Lord Howard, the Queen's uncle." Leicester is supposed to have married in 1572, after being dismissed as a public suitor to the Queen. "The scandalous chronicles of the day declare that Leicester attempted the life of his second unfortunate wife by poison about the time of the Queen's visit to Kenilworth; and it is said that the words of the old nursery lullaby—

"Bilow, my babe, lie still and slumber,
It grieves me sac to see thee weep"

were meant as the address of the forsaken Lady Leicester to her boy."

* "Lives of the Queens of England," by Agnes Strickland, vol. iv. p. 423.